

by an "infallible" hair oil, which is upon the public in the generous demands of us. — impious frauds, which will ground be intelligently verber medicinal Universal San- drawn from the support to almost rent ingredients compound a re- is believed over that nearly all in a discovered in most instances, or Gall, which is a further con- crease upon these food and enfee- a weakness, that pure efficiency of reason is medicinal in- ingens nature, sing her up to a of disease. If and most milibio- aches and the nerve, but sale by R. S.

T PILLS

Paine, South Buckfield; P. W. Stevens, C. Butler & Knapp, Canton; J. L. Waterman, 1842

in and for the in the year of

ministrator of said counts, and decreed the said at the fifteen dollars, he of the said I delete and in- the said, and the

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

of Danis Kif- ing presented said deceased, persons interest- and three weeks Paris, that they is said, at ten of the ry have, why

ON, Judge, Register, and for the Argus, in the

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

Geo. W. Skellam,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One dollar and fifty cents in advance; one dollar and seventy-five cents at the end of six months; two dollars at the end of the year, to which twenty-five cents will be added if payment be delayed beyond six months.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms, the proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

A Sister's Thoughts OVER A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BY REV. JOHN MIERPONT.

He sleeps in peace! Death's cold eclipse His radiant eyes hath shrouded o'er, And Slander's poison, from the lips Of woman, on his heart no more Distils and burns it to its core.

He sleeps in peace! The noble spirit That beamed forth from his living brow, Prompt, at the shrine of real merit, With reverence and truth to bow, Is, by false tongues, not troubled now.

He sleeps in peace! And while he sleeps, He dreams not of earth's loves or strifes, The tears a sister for him weeps; He knows not that they are not his wife's; His thoughts are all another life's.

I hope he knows not that the hand, Once given to him, is now another's; I know the flame that once it fanned, Had all gone out. I know, my brother's Last thoughts were of my love and mother's.

I hope he knows not that his child Hears not, nor knows, its father's name; Keep thy young spirit undivided, And worthy of its father's fame, O Thou from whom its spirit came!

Thou Father of the fatherless, The mantle that my brother wore— The robe of truth and faithfulness— Keep, for his infant, in thy store; My brother hath left nothing more!

That mantle! Men had seen him throw It simply round him, ere it fell: Peace, brother, 'tis as white as snow; No one of all on earth that dwell, Can stain what once became thee well.

In peace thou sleepest: through the bars Of thy dim cell thy spirit fled; And now thy sister and the stars Their tears of dew and pity shed, Heart-broken brother, on thy bed!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Casket.

The Battle of Trenton.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF AN EYE WITNESS.

"Where bullet on the night air sang!"

BRIDE OF ARVIDS.

I had scarcely put my foot in the stirrup before an Aid-de-camp from the Commander-in-chief galloped up to me with a summons to the side of Washington. I bowed in reply, and dashed up the road. The General-in-chief was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff, and on the point of setting out. He was calm and collected, as if in his cabinet. I checked my steed on the instant, and lifting my hat, waited for his commands.

"You are a native of this country?"

"Yes—your excellency."

"You know the roads from McConkey ferry to Trenton—by the river and Pennington—the bye-roads and all?"

"As well as I know my alphabet," and I patted the neck of my impatient charger.

"Then I may have an occasion for you—you will remain with the staff—ah! that is a spirited animal you ride, Lieutenant Archer," he added smiling, as the fiery beast made a demi-volt, that set the group in commotion.

"Your excellency!"

"Never mind," said Washington, smiling again, as another impatient spring of my charger, cut short the sentence. "I see the heads of the columns are in motion—you will remember," and waving his hand, he gave the rein to his steed, while I fell back bewildered into the staff.

The ferry was close at hand, but the intense cold made the march any thing but pleasant.

We all, however, hoped on the morrow to redeem our country by striking a signal blow, and every heart beat high with the anticipation of victory.

Column after column of our little army defiled at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in before the embarkation began.

At last we crossed the Delaware. The whole night had been consumed in the transportation of the men and artillery, and the morning was within an hour or two of dawning before the detachment had been embarked. As I wheeled my horse on the little bank above the landing place, I paused an instant to look back through the obscurity on the scene. The night was dark,

Oxford Democrat

Volume 8.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, September 22, 1840.

Number 6.

wild, and threatening—the clouds betokened an approaching tempest—and I could with difficulty penetrate with my eye, the fast increasing gloom. As I put my hand across my brows to pierce into the darkness, a gust of wind, sweeping down the river, whirled the snow into my face and momentarily blinded my sight. At last I discerned the opposite shore amid the obscurity. The landscape was wild and gloomy. A few desolate looking houses only were in sight, and they scarcely perceptible in the shadowy twilight.

The bare trees lifted their hoary arms on high, groaning and screaming in the gale. The river was covered with drifting ice, that now jammed with a crash together, and then floated slowly apart, leaving scarcely space for the boats to pass. The dangers of the navigation can better be imagined than described—for the utmost exertions could often just prevent the frail structures from being crushed. Occasionally a stray life would be heard shooting shrilly over the waters, mingling feebly with the fiercer piping of the winds—and anon the deep roll of the drum would boom across the night, the neighing of a horse would float from the opposite shore, or the crash of the jamming ice would be heard like far off thunder. The cannoneers beneath me were dragging a piece of artillery up the ascent, and the men were rapidly forming on the shore below as they landed. It was a stirring scene. At this instant the band of the — regiment struck up an enlivening air, and plunging my rowels into my steed, I whirled around, into the road, and went off on a gallop to overtake the General's staff.

It was now four o'clock, and so much time had been consumed that it became impossible to reach our destination before daybreak, and consequently all certainty of a surprise was over. A hasty council was therefore called on horseback to determine whether to retreat or not. A few minutes decided it. All were unanimous to proceed at every peril.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had severally spoken, "then we all agree—the attack shall take place—General," he continued, turning to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march by the river road, while I will take that by Pennington; let us arrive as near eight o'clock as possible. But do not pause when you reach their outposts—drive them in before their ranks can form, and pursue them to the centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest we must leave to the God of battles. And now, gentlemen, to our posts." In five minutes we were in motion.

The eagerness of our troops to come up with the enemy was never more conspicuous than on the morning of that eventful day. We had scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, before the long threatened storm burst over us. The night was intensely cold; the sleet and hail rattled incessantly upon the men's knapsacks; the wind shrieked, howled, and roared among the old pine trees with terrific violence. At times the snow fell perpendicular downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity; and again it was whirled wildly on high, eddying around and around, and sweeping away on the whistling tempest far into the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of a musket were almost lost in the shrill voice of the gale, or the deep, sullen roar of the tortured forest. Even these sounds at length ceased, and we continued the march in profound silence, the storm increasing as we drew nearer to the outposts of the enemy. The redoubled violence of the gale, though it added to the sufferings of our brave continentals, was even hailed with joy as it decreased the chances of our discovery, and made us once more hope high for a successful surprise. Nor were these sufferings light. Through the dreadful night nothing but the lofty patriotism of a freeman could have sustained them. Half clothed—many without shoes, whole companies destitute of blankets, they yet pressed bravely on against the storm, though drenched to the skin, shivering at every blast, and too often marking their footsteps with blood. Old as I am now, the recollection is still vivid in my mind. God forbid that such sufferings should ever have to be endured again!

The dawn at last came, but the storm still raged. The trees were borne down with sleet, and the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The few fields we passed were covered with wet, spongy snow, and the half buried houses looked bleak and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It has been my lot to witness few such forbidding scenes. At this instant a shot was heard in front and a messenger dashed furiously up to announce that the outposts of the British were being driven in.

"Forward—forward," cried Washington himself, galloping up to the head of the column, "push on, my brave fellows—on!"

The men started like hunters at the cry of the pack as their General's voice was seconded by a hasty fire from the riflemen in the van, and forgetting every thing but the foe, marched rapidly, with silent eagerness, toward the sound of the conflict. As they emerged from the wood the scene burst upon them.

The town lay but a short distance ahead, just discernible through the twilight, and seemingly buried in repose. The streets were wholly deserted, and as yet the alarm had not reached the main body of the enemy. A single horseman was seen fleeing a moment through the mist—he was soon lost behind a clump of trees—and then re-appeared, dashing wildly down the main street of the village. I had no doubt he was a messenger from the outposts for a re-inforcement; and if suffered to rally once we knew all hope was gone. To the forces he had left we now therefore turned our attention.

The first charge of our gallant continentals had driven the outposts in like the shock of an avalanche. Just aroused from sleep, and taken completely by surprise, they did not at first pretend to make a stand, but retreated rapidly and in disorder, before our vanguard. A few moments, however, had sufficed to recall their reeling faculties, and perceiving the insignificant force opposed to them, they halted, hesitated, rallied, poured in a heavy fire, and even advanced cheering to the onset. But at this moment our main body emerged from the wood, and when my eye first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers, they were beginning again to stagger.

"On—on—push on, continentals of the —" shouted the officer in command.

The men with admirable discipline still forbore their shouts, and steadily pressed on against the now flying outposts. In another instant the Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.

"By heaven!" ejaculated an aid-de-camp at my side, as a rolling fire of musketry was all at once heard at the distance of a half mile across the village, "there goes Sullivan's brigade—the day's our own."

"Charge the artillery with a detachment from the eastern regiment," shouted the General as the battery of the enemy was seen a little to our right.

The men levelled their bayonets, marched steadily up to the very mouths of the cannon, and before the artilleryists could bring their pieces to bear, carried them with a cheer. Just then the surprised enemy was seen endeavoring to form in the main street ahead, and the rapidly increasing fire on the side of Sullivan, told that the day in that quarter, was fiercely maintained. A few minutes of indecision would ruin all.

"Press on—press on there," shouted our Commander-in-chief, galloping to the front, and waving his sword aloft, "charge them before they can form—follow me."

The effect was electric. Gallant as had been their conduct before, our brave troops now seemed to be carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their Commander's daring, and dashing rapidly into the town, carried every thing before them like a hurricane. The half formed Hessians opened a desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack, wavered, broke, and in two minutes were flying pell-mell through the town—while our troops, with admirable discipline, still maintaining their ranks, pressed steadily up the street, driving the foe before them. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards, before the banners of Sullivan's brigade were seen floating through the mist ahead—a cheer burst from our men—it was answered back from our approaching comrades, and perceiving themselves hemmed in on all sides, and that further retreat was impossible, the whole regiment we had routed laid down their arms. The instant victory was ours, and the foe had surrendered, every unmanly exultation disappeared from the countenances of our brave troops. The fortune of war had turned against their foes; it was not the part of the brave man to add insult to misfortune.

We were on the point of dismounting when an Aid-de-camp wheeled around the corner of the street ahead, and checking his foaming charger at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathlessly,

"A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on the Princeton road."

Quick as thought the Commander-in-chief flung himself into the saddle again, and looking around the group of officers singled me out. "Lieutenant Archer—you know the roads. Colonel — will march his regiment around,

and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take them by the shortest route."

I bowed in acknowledgement to the saddle bow, and perceiving the Col. was some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into an neighboring avenue, and before five minutes the muskets of the retreating foe could be seen through the intervening trees. I had chosen a cross-path which making, as it were, the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a short distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off completely the enemy's retreat. The struggle to attain the desired point where two routes intersected was short but fierce.

We had already advanced half way before we were discovered, and though the enemy pressed with the eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows, were fired on their part with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we drew rapidly nearer to the intersection we were cheered by finding ourselves ahead—a bold, quick push enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe—and rapidly facing about as we wheeled into the other road, we summoned the discomfited enemy to surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at head quarters as the aid-de-camp of Col. —, to announce our success.

The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory of Trenton, no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia—and we were hailed every where as the saviours of our country. The dooping spirits of the colonists were re-animated by the news; and the enemy paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder toward Princeton and New Brunswick. Years have passed away since then; but I never shall forget the BATTLE OF TRENTON.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

"Knight's candles are burnt out."—SHAKESPEARE.

In the days when I went swindling,
A short time ago,
The landlords launched me out their best,
And I was "all the go;"
I danced, and sung the jocular song,
And quaffed with relish keen;
And nought but mirth and jollity
Around me could be seen.
So thus I passed the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or wo,
In the days when I went swindling,
A short time ago.

My heart was light, and head was bright,
And briskly flew the cash,
While other people's pockets served
To help me cut a dash;
When I appeared, the dancels leered;
And lovers dammed the hour,
Old ladies sighed, young maidens cried,
And storn pupas looked sour;
And thus I passed the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or wo,
In the days when I went swindling,
A short time ago.

But now, Columbia, to thy shores
I bid a long farewell,
And leave more unpaid bills behind
Than I incline to tell;
But I'll unite, when over sea,
With other Diddlers there,
To sing the land where foreign swells
Are patronized "with care;"
And thus I'll pass the pleasant time,
Nor think of Richard Roe,
As I did when I went swindling,
A short time ago.

A Frontier Heroine.

In the first settlement of the State of Indiana, it so happened, "two families," one from the State of New Jersey, and the other from the State of Virginia, set themselves down together on one of those tributary streams, which, after flowing through the richest soil in the world, perhaps, empty themselves into the great and beautiful river of Ohio. Hither the heads of those families had retired, in hopes that by persevering industry, and patient endurance of hardship, to lay the foundation of the future prosperity and happiness of their rising generation. The families were both large; but my story relates only to the two oldest of the children, whom I will call William and Mary. They, the second year after their parents had settled in the same neighborhood, became attached to each other, were married, and retired a few miles further up the same stream, to open a clearing for themselves. They had chosen a rich and beautiful valley; and in the course of a few years, William had forty or fifty acres under good improvement—good log house, stabling, fences, &c. They were both prudent, and industrious, and what with the sale of their

corn, poultry, maple sugar, &c. to the traveller and new settlers, they had accumulated a considerable sum of money, which was carefully hoarded up, to pay for their land as soon as it should be surveyed and offered for sale. They had now three beautiful little children; and as Mary had received a tolerable education in her native State, she was beginning to be daily engaged in imparting instruction to her rising offspring. Already had they a few flowers, garden-plants, and fruit-trees around their little dwelling, together with the sweet briar, woodbine and rose—indeed every thing around them seemed to bespeak a degree of industry and comfort not generally enjoyed by the first settlers of the forest. In this situation matters stood when the whole frontier, and indeed the whole State, was thrown into commotion and alarm. Many depredations and massacres were committed by the Indians; and some "deeds of dreadful note" were done, which never could be satisfactorily accounted for. To check these marauders, lines of block houses had been erected in various parts of the State, in which were posted detached parties of soldiers and militia, who acted as picket-guards to the frontier inhabitants—they also served as a line of communication from post to post, and as a place of refuge for the weak and defenceless, from the approach of the enemy. One of these lines of block-houses extended through the settlement in which William lived, and most of the inhabitants had taken shelter within their walls; he, however, from some cause or other had neglected to do so, as well as one or two of his nearest neighbors.

One morning, William had taken his ride and gone some miles on business, promising to return home as early in the evening as possible. He had not been gone more than an hour, when Mary, who was a few rods from the house with her children, was alarmed by the sudden and horrid yell of the savage—two of them at the same time appearing in the skirts of a wood a few hundred yards distant. She instantly caught up the two children that were nearest her and fled to the house—having placed them within the door, she was returning for the other; when she saw with agony that one of the Indians had already seized upon her hapless child, while the other was making towards the house with lengthened strides; terrific yells, and uplifted tomahawk: What was to be done; there was no alternative, and she retreated precipitately within; and scarce had a moment left to secure the door on the inside with a wooden bar, when the Indian was at it endeavoring to force it open; but finding it much better secured than he anticipated, he began to utter the most horrid execrations, and called his companion to his assistance—they both seemed to speak the English language perfectly; which not a little surprised Mary: They made various efforts to force open the door, all the while uttering the most dreadful threats; that if she did not immediately open it and let them in, they would murder her child, and then burn down the house over her head. Alas, poor Mary! she knew but too well that death was their portion, and persisted in keeping the door barred. They at length became desperate, finding themselves thus foiled, and actually dashed out the child's brains against a tree that stood before the house, while the mother was looking through a small opening between the logs of the building, and beheld the barbarous deed. A darkness came over her eyes—her heart ceased to beat for a moment; and she sunk upon her knees, for she could support herself no longer, and had almost fainted. She however had soon rallied her faculties, offered up a fervent ejaculation to that Omnipotent Being who is all-powerful to save, and arose: Her first thought was to conceal the children, open the door, and give herself up a sacrifice to their vengeance, in hopes that her offspring might possibly be saved; this idea, however vain it might appear, was prevented from being put into execution; by one of the Indians at the same moment exclaiming, that he would come down the chimney. The Indian who had murdered the child had already ascended at the corner of the house; by means of the projecting end of the logs, and commenced descending the chimney. In this extremity Mary had given up all for lost—she was stooping to embrace her children as she believed, for the last time, when she thought of her straw bed. She immediately flew to it, with the strength of an Amazon, tore open the ticking and threw its contents into the fire—a full column of blaze and smoke ascended the chimney; the murderous wretch was about midway between the top and the bottom, and could neither ascend nor descend to extricate himself, before he had drawn into his lungs that fiery draught which instantly suffocated him to death. He fell into the fire and rolled upon the hearth, a black and lifeless corpse. It seemed now as if the whole energy of Mary's mind had burst upon her—she caught up the tomahawk which he still held in his "death grasp," and went deliberately and opened the door. The Indian on the outside, thinking it was his comrade, entered entirely off his guard, when the tomahawk of his accomplice was buried in the back of his head and he fell dead on the floor. Mary instantly took the two remaining children in her arms, fled to the nearest neighbor, and gave the alarm.

The woman of the house seemed much agitated, and said her husband had gone out about an hour before. She then proceeded to another settler's, about a mile further, and told what she had done. Three or four men, who happened to be there at the time, caught up their rifles and proceeded immediately to William's residence, when on examination it was found—but too horrible to relate—they found that these worse than savage monsters were not Indians, but white men! and that one of them was William's nearest neighbor, the owner of the house to which Mary had first fled for protection. It would seem, that knowing William was possessed of a few hundred dollars, he in company with another wretch, who had been there but a few weeks in the settlement, formed the horrid design of murdering the whole family in the disguise of Indians, and possessing themselves of the money; but a merciful God prevented them from entirely accomplishing their object.

ANECDOTE.—Napoleon used to call Moreau "the retreating general," and some of the troops in Napoleon's army seemed to imbibe similar notions with regard to their general's rival. In this case, when a soldier became transferred from the army of Napoleon to that of Moreau, very much against his will, he appeared in the ranks with his coat buttoned behind him, declaring that he had always been trained to show his front to the enemy.

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—The following beautiful speech was pronounced before a Court in Passadunkang:

"Your honor sets high upon the adorable seat of Justice like an American Eagle perched upon the Asiatic Rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal streams of Justice, like the caudorous clouds of the valley, flow meandering at your extended feet."

A Baltimore paper describes Fanny Ellsler as "a lovely creature, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and pouting lips":

You own that we're those who prize
Your rosy cheeks, and sky-blue eyes;
For pouting lips, we so disdain 'em
We'd set our faces right again 'em.

"Man cannot live by bread alone," as the baker said when he put up a bar in one corner of his shop.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LATER FORM ENGLAND.

The ship Garrick has arrived at New York, bringing London and Liverpool papers to the 15th ult. We avail ourselves of a synopsis of news from the Mercantile Journal.

By this arrival some important political intelligence has been received. The prospect of a war between England and France does not appear to have been removed—and speculations on this event are freely made in the French papers. The Queen delivered in person the speech proroguing of Parliament, in which not a word was said respecting the difficulties with France. The cotton market was improving, but prices were not higher to a material extent. Trade was represented as improving in the manufacturing districts, particularly Manchester.

The state of the crops was favorable. It was thought probable that the yield of wheat in various parts of the country would exceed an average crop. Flour was selling at 27 a 29s. on board. Wheat from Gs. 8d. to 8s. 2d. Cotton had advanced from 1-2d. to 1-4.

The accounts from France respecting the crops are also highly favorable.

The Britannia steam packet arrived at Liverpool on the 14th August, having left Boston on the 1st and Halifax on the 4th, and effecting her passage across the Atlantic in the unprecedented short space of nine days and a half.

The British Queen arrived at Cowes on the 15th of August.

The Royal Assent of the Canada Union Bill was published in the Ministerial papers on the 15th.

Disturbances were apprehended in Ireland.—Threatening notices were posted up in various parts of the country, and no less than six murders were committed in one district Tipperary in as many weeks. A number of houses has also been attacked and other outrages committed.

The London Post says that Lord Falkland has been appointed Governor of the Ionian Islands, vice Sir Howard Douglas.

Letters from Syria, dated the 31st of July, state that the whole of the Turkish-Egyptian fleet was at that date in Alexandria, and the French squadron was all at Oufak, with the exception of the Montebello.

The English papers contain the accounts of a heavy gale of wind experienced at the Mauritius. The barometer fell to 30 during the gale; 19 vessels were either driven on shore or severely injured, and a number of coasting vessels sunk and grounded. The hurricane lasted part of two days.

The French government are supposed to possess, in the last despatches from Egypt, information as to an accidental collision, or some such incident act of war, between the fleets that ride in those troubled seas.

The French papers talk of a blockade on the part of the British squadron, of Alexandria, and threatened the interposition by force of arms of France, should such a course be persisted in.

Prince Louis has been conveyed to Paris, and imprisoned in the same room in the Conciergerie, which was occupied by Fieschi five years ago. The Moniteur of Paris contains the ordinance convoking the House of Peers, and charging them with the trial of Louis Bonaparte and his accomplices.

The Moniteur also still continues to announce

in its columns the official decrees for the armament of the country.

The French are busy fitting out ships of the line, at Toulon—orders having been received to complete, without delay, the armaments of the Souverain, Ville de Marseille, and Scipio, three-deckers; as well as of the Independent, Melpomene, Uranie, Iphigénie and Circe, frigates.

It is said that in the event of a war, the conquests in Algiers, with the exception of the maritime ports, will be abandoned; and that out of the present French army of 350,000 men, (exclusive of 1,000,000 of Guards National, and of 150,000 now ordered to be levied) from 40,000 to 50,000 will be assembled, it was expected, towards the Alps, opposite Piedmont and other vulnerable points of the Austrian territory. From 60,000 to 70,000 men will be marshalled towards the Rhenane frontier, no less valuable in point of opinion.

CHARACTER OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

BY H. P. TAIN MADGE.

Among the opponents of Mr. Van Buren and Democracy, there is now none more bitter than Tallmadge, the recent Senator of New York. How much reason he has to doubt either the integrity or the ability of Mr. Van Buren, will be seen from the following extract from a speech delivered by him on the 3d of February, 1832. It furnishes a full refutation of the federal columns often urged against the President, that he opposed the last war, and the extension of the right of suffrage:

"Who, let me ask, is this distinguished individual, whom these political aspirants have thus attempted to disgrace and destroy? He is well known to us all. The people of this State, are familiar with his name, and with his services he has rendered to his country. His reputation is dear to them, and they will be the last to suffer it to be tarnished by foul aspersions, however high or however low their origin. He is literally one of the people. He is not of that class which in the early stages of our Government, were denominated 'the rich and well born'—an odious distinction which has been attempted to be preserved to the present day, and often been claimed with an air of triumph, on the part of those who have looked with a jealous eye on the success of favored individuals, whom the people have delighted to honor. No, sir, he is of humble origin. He is the artificer of his own fortunes: and often in the course of his political career, has been reproached with the humility of his birth. The pride and wealth of family distinction, has sneered at his advancement, and attempted to frown into retirement the man whose native energies rose superior to its own exertions, but the attempt has been in vain. It was contrary to the spirit of our free institutions."

"The war of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, found him in the Senate of this State. It was here that his talents showed most conspicuous. Beset by foes without, and enemies within, the country presented to the eye of the patriot a most gloomy prospect. Unaided or but partially aided by the General Government, we were called upon to provide the means to repel the invader, both by sea and land. The patriotic Tompkins was then at the head of this State; and with an eye that never slept, and a zeal that never tired, he devoted himself to the service of his country. NO MAN RENDERED HIM MORE EFFICIENT AID THAN MARTIN VAN BUREN. IN YONDER SENATE CHAMBER, HIS ELOQUENCE WAS OFTEN HEARD IN FAVOR OF PROVIDING MEANS AND GRANTING SUPPLIES TO CARRY ON THE WAR AND TO FEED AND CLOTHE OUR HALF CLAD SOLDIERY: WHILE SOME OF HIS PRESENT PERSECUTORS WERE OPENLY REJOICING AT THE DEFEAT OF OUR ARMS, AND SECRETLY IMPLORING SUCCESS ON THOSE OF THE ENEMY."

"After the close of the war, and when peace was once more restored to our distracted country, you at length see him in the Convention to revise the Constitution. Here he was again surrounded by the collected wisdom and talent of the State—a constellation of genius in which none appeared more brilliant than himself. HERE IT WAS THAT HE CONTENDED AGAINST THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE LAND, IN FAVOR OF THE PEOPLE IN THE EXTENSION OF THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE. Here it was, that, with others of the democratic school, he prevailed over those who were unwilling to entrust more power to the people, and happily established the principle, that in a government like ours, the people are capable of governing themselves."

"We next behold him in the Senate of the United States, that dignified body which was adorned by his presence, and which has been degraded by his absence. Here he scarcely found an equal, and acknowledged no superior. No man, discussed with more ability the important subjects that came before them. With a thorough knowledge of the history of the government, and its various relations, he grasped all matters with a force and comprehension which astonished, whilst it commanded the admiration of all who witnessed his giant efforts. His speech on the judiciary will be remembered as long as the judicial department of the government shall exist."

list, and his splendid effort in favor of the surviving officers and soldiers of the revolution will not be forgotten as long as the Almighty spares the honored remnant of that heroic race, and whilst their descendants cherish the principles of their immortal sires."

From the Dover (N. H.) Gazette.

Ogle's Omnibus of Lies.

This is the very appropriate name given to a jumble of falsehoods and farrago of nonsense, which for several weeks past has been published in almost every Whig paper we have seen, where it appears under the very modest title of "Speech of Mr. Ogle of Pennsylvania."

So far as we had examined it, it had convinced us of two things: first, that a viler collection of downright falsehoods was never before published; second, that no such speech was ever delivered in the Halls of Congress. An article in the Globe of the 7th inst. convinces us we were right in both of these suppositions.

The Globe has the speech published in pamphlet, in two different forms—on entitled "Speech of Mr. Ogle of Pennsylvania, on the splendor of the President's palace, delivered in the House of Representatives, April, 1840"; and the other entitled "Remarks of Mr. Ogle of Pennsylvania, on the civil and diplomatic appropriation bill, delivered in the House of Representatives, April 14, 1840."

The Globe remarks:—"The 'Speech' and the 'Remarks' begin the same way, but end very differently. The 'Remarks' have, at the close, about three pages of matter not found in the 'Speech' in any form, and what discrepancies there may be in the body of the two, we have not time to examine."

After showing that the pamphlet cannot both give the speech actually delivered, the Globe says:—"No such speech as is now circulating in pamphlet as Mr. Ogle's, was ever delivered by him." He made a speech without doubt; and thinking with his Whig friends, that a first rate Whig humbug could be made out of the subject, he fell to work, and, with the aid of others, taking from and adding to the speech delivered, as seemed best calculated for effect, without the slightest regard for truth, trumped up the speeches now published as his."

And it seems that like General Harrison's opinions on Abolition, and in fact on most other subjects, they trumped up two, differed from each other—"one for the North, and another for the South."

The Globe proceeds:—"We shall show that a thing more reckless of truth was never concocted in this country or any other. In this process we shall use the shortest speech, presumed to be the one sent out by the Whig Committee at Washington."

The Globe then dissects a few pages, discovers, exposes and disproves thirteen distinct, downright falsehoods, and then observes:—"Enough! we have given only a few select falsehoods found in this concoction, where there are enough to fill a large corner in the storehouse of that article, kept by the father of lies."

Such is the stuff with which the British Whig editors crowd their columns. They dare not publish the political principles of their own party, or combat those of their opponents, and seek to blind their readers by a continued repetition of calumny and lies.

From the Dover (N. H.) Gazette.

A new species of Federal Forgery.

A correspondent of the Bay State Democrat relates that a tin pedlar lately passed through the village of his residence hawking what purported to be a likeness of General Harrison; which was an exact copy, in every point, of Stuart's Washington, except that Harrison's head was placed on Washington's shoulders. The print was lithographed, and entitled "AN EXACT LIKENESS OF WM. H. HARRISON, or NORTH BEND."

The same correspondent relates that some wisacre of Whiggery has copied the saying of the ancient Athenian law-giver, Solon—that "The most perfect popular government is one where an injury done to any private citizen is considered an insult to the whole community," and given it to the public as an original remark of Gen. Harrison.

If falsehood, forgery and theft can make a great man of Old Tip the Whigs are determined that he shall be one. They have given him the body of Washington, surmounted by a head containing all the wisdom of the seven wise men of Greece.

It is an indisputable fact that during the seven years which have expired since the removal of the Deposites from the United States Bank, the average prices of all the staple articles of produce which a Farmer rises to sell, have been more than thirty per cent. higher; and at the same time the average prices of all the necessities of life which he has to buy, have been more than thirty per cent. lower, than the same were during the last preceding seven years, when the Bank was in the full tide of successful experiment, collecting the Revenues of the Government for the use of the money.—Dover (N. H.) Gazette.

The Brutal Conduct of Hard Cider Whiggery.

A Preacher of the Gospel Insulted and Threatened with Personal Injury.

So desperate have the black cockage hard cider rowdies become, that no character is too pure, or place too holy, to escape the brutal conduct of the times. Will ministers of the Prince of Peace, and their followers, who have given countenance to the drunken out-breaks, where hard cider and parched corn have been given in imitation of the sacrament, and vulgar songs sung as hymns and psalms in a church, to open and close political meetings, not look well before they leap into abyss of riot and wickedness from which they cannot escape. Can any one read the following and not shudder for his country.—The wise and good, every where, anticipated, when they saw that hard cider was to be the badge of a political party instead of principles, that it required brute force instead of reason, to carry out the iniquitous scheme of subjugating our liberties:

From the Lowell (Mass.) Democrat.

"We call the attention of all the peace-loving christian members of the whig party, to the treatment of the Rev. Mr. Brown, a Baptist clergyman has received at the hands of the whigs for daring to act honestly. It will be recollected that he made known the contents of Mr. Calhoun's secret letter, vouching for Gen. Harrison's abolition at a recent abolition convention in Boston. The North Hampton Republican says HE HAS BEEN HISSED IN THE PULPIT, and that at a prayer meeting he was approached by a young man who took offence at the prayer, and threatened with a cow-hiding! This fellow was brought up, of course before a magistrate, when a little whig lawyer by the name of Huntington, told the court, that the Rev. Mr. Brown OUGHT TO HAVE HIS NOSE PULLED, AND BE KICKED FROM HIS PULPIT. Such is the treatment of a minister of the Gospel by 'all the decency' party, who dares to do an honest act, and expose the tricks and subterfuges of the Whigs."

From the Dover (N. H.) Gazette.

Americans! reflect upon this.

Not only from the following, but from many other sources, do we get facts corroborative of the truth of this statement which we have often and some time ago made.

"Every Tory, or 'loyalists,' in Canada that we have heard converse on the subject, is opposed to Martin Van Buren and in favor of General Harrison for President. We speak from personal observation, and we know that seven-eighths of them possess the same principles, or at least hold the same language, with the Whigs of the United States. Why is this? And why did the British vessels in New York harbor raise their colours when the carousal in honor of the battle of Fort Meigs was going on? These facts must be particularly gratifying to our 'British Whigs.'—Plattsburgh (N. Y.) Republican.

And why do we find the loyal subjects of Great Britain, in all our towns, wherever we may find them, universally associating with the Whig party? These things speak volumes to the mind of true and thinking Democrat—the warm and sincere friend of his country—his own America.

DEMOCRATS!—Look through the whig press from Maine to Georgia, and can you find ANY DENUNCIATION OF OLD FEDERAL MEASURES? Can you find any ONE of the present whig journals disclaiming that they have in their ranks the GREAT BODY OF THE OLD FEDERAL PARTY? Can you find ONE of the whig editors INDIGNANTLY DISOWNING FEDERAL PRINCIPLES? When AUSTIN and DUANE, and others of the old democrats, were defending MADISON and GERRY from the fierce assaults of RUSSELL and CALLENDER—where THEN WAS DANIEL WEBSTER, who stands a LEADER of the whig procession on the 10th of September? CONVENTION! Denouncing the measures of MADISON'S ADMINISTRATION! Is there a whig press that does not ENDORSE WEBSTER'S PRINCIPLES? DEMOCRATS REFLECT and then ACT.—Boston Post.

Another Democratic Editor Assaulted.

A cowardly attack was made a few days since, on Mr. Medary, editor of the Ohio Statesman, in the streets of Columbus, by a desperado of the name of Schenck. This fellow is a midshipman in the navy, which he disgraces, and though cheered on and assisted by the federal bullies and black-legs of Columbus, he received a severe handling from the gentleman assaulted. Mr. Medary received no injury except that of having one of the fingers of his left hand bitten by this midshipman.

Democratic editors have never been so assaulted and threatened since the days of old John Adams, as in this contest. Then some of them had to write with pistols on the table before them. Now, we have seen Davis killed, his skull literally beat in by more than forty blows from an iron cane, in the streets of St. Louis. The editor of the Chicago Democrat, was not long since attacked in his office. Mr. Medary, whom every one knows as a peaceable man if unprovoked, but who has unsurpassed resolution if attacked, is waylaid by a ruffian—and threats without number, are thrown out against almost every fearless Democratic editor in the country.

Look at this Picture of the Federal Candidate.

The following portrait of the certificate hero, was published in the Richmond Whig, the leading federal organ in Virginia, a short time previous to Harrison's nomination. It is to the life, and we recommend it to the careful perusal of the whiggies. They will learn in what estimation he was held by his own party previous to his nomination for the Presidency:

"Shall we then turn to Gen. Harrison, who not many years ago, thanked his stars that he had cast his lot beyond the Ohio, and 'out of the reach of Virginia politics and Virginia negroes!' But, in God's name! what is Gen. Harrison, that he should be President of the United States! A hero!!! Another hero!!! Pity that Lord Byron had not thought to put him on the list! A hero!!!! Well we are to seek safety again under the arm of a military chieftain. If this is not his recommendation what is it! But for the battle of Tippecanoe and the Thames, (and you know, sir, what merit there was in the one, and to whom the credit of the other belongs,) who would not as soon thought of him for pope as for President? The Queen of England might as well make Lord Wellington archbishop of Canterbury. And why is he thought of? why drag him from obscurity? Why is the thick darkness of his mind broken up, and the heavy slumber of his faculties disturbed by this unreasonable dawn of glory? What but the marvellous success of Andrew Jackson has disclosed a secret not before suspected, which, to all such as want a tyrant and a tool, recommends a military man as most likely to catch the favor of the servile herd who worship power and bow to its insignia?—What is he but a man, who, with a few more grains of understanding, might have half enough to know that he has not one hundredth part of what should qualify him for the station he aspires to!! Who has caught him up, and besotted him with flattery, to make him the root of the comedy? Let him go to sleep again, like Christopher Sly, and sleep himself sober, and not wake up the clerk of the county court."

THE OLD FEDERAL WRATH.

The old wrath of "bitter sweet" federalism is oozing out at every pore. This is a good sign. It shows that despair is taking the place of hope; and when this malignity boils over, the hoops of the cider barrel will be safer.

The following resolution was passed a few days since at a meeting of old federalists at Oswego N. Y. This is certainly a very charitable age, soundly very much like the fellow feeling of a sour cider cask and "koon skin" fixens:

"Resolved, That Martin Van Buren, President of the United States, for his unwearied and almost successful exertions in preparing the republic for its epical, deserves the execrations of his country while living, and a DISHONORABLE GRAVE when dead."

So long have these old federal vipers spit their venom at Republican Presidents, that it is more a matter of amusement now than sorrow. Every such exhibition of bitterness and spite, will only tend to arouse democrats to renewed action, and to a more lively sense of the true character of the contest.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Magician.

BACKED OUT!

CHARLES NAILOR, the scandalous member of Congress from Philadelphia county, has declined standing another poll against Ingersoll, well knowing that the repeal of the registry law would prevent a repetition of the atrocious frauds by which he was successful before, and that he must of necessity be defeated! The best of the joke, however, is, that the federalists are so conscious of their own weakness, that they have not ventured to run one of their own men, but have nominated MONTGOMERY MICHAELE, a progressing democrat, but at heart as bitter a federalist as ever breathed. We are confident, however, no real democrat will vote for this "wolf in sheep's clothing," but that all will go heart and hand for the regularly nominated candidate—CHARLES J. INGERSOLL. M'Michael will be forever after despised by every honorable man, for thus ignominiously leading himself to the enemy.—Harrisburg Pa. Magician.

ACCEPTED TESTIMONY.

As the Federal party have accepted the testimony of Col. Richard M. Johnson as unimpeachable let them take the following along with the rest of his evidence. In his speech at Chillicothe, Ohio, he said:—

"He had been acquainted with MARTIN VAN BUREN for twenty-eight years; and that for the last twenty years he had been on terms of the greatest intimacy—and it gave him pleasure to state that in the whole of his political connection he never knew one MORE UPRIGHT IN PRINCIPLE OR PURER MORALS AND VERY FEW POSSESSING TALENT OF A HIGHER ORDER THAN MARTIN VAN BUREN. NO STRONGER ADVOCATE OF THE WAR POLICY WAS TO BE FOUND IN 1809, THAN MARTIN VAN BUREN. He spoke of what he knew and what he felt to be true, and of which he entertained not the least doubt."

From the Har

The "Empire"

A convention of the State of Syracuse, on the 2d WILLIAM C. BOB as the democratic candidate DANIEL S. DICKINSON as the democratic Governor, at the apportionment thereto, an E the most influential State, mas pat in harmony and good dissenting voice was "The nominations were inious vote."

When the demoters the conflict under inscribed upon her deservedly beloved doubt, that she will der the iron chains her to the ear of the stand forth in her per ED, REGENE THRALED!!

alization of such a say, is of the character. It cannot be less true to her fact is associated with by ties the most severe has emphatically strengthened with we say, that she w ite son, than other dissoluble ties have PENNSYLVANIA KEYSTONE OF MARTIN VAN B tion as the needle is—nothing which sever her from his suffer the reproach herself, than her si she prove recreant, Will she be swayed the exhibition of a of a CIDER-CAN and immovable as nics, and would sues its horrid cruelties, of an abandonment not wedded by ties we nevertheless ch publican, in whom cannot, must not, a stigma shall neve al eschewment of a New York is ph CREANT to her self before the wor ery and infidelity WILL BE REI battle cry of her l and we believe that it is a glorious, mo

From

PIC

If there is any d ing, the most mean of robbing gardens practised by many spectable and w thief as the high sort of land pirate—snatch from others for themselves.

The fruit of a particularly needed who purloin them, severely felt by the pains to raise a tro tain a choice vari es it day after day ter, and at length specimens of the forward with pleas labors, and the re at any rate he thin the accuracy and for certainty what much solicitude.

Now the fruit whether apples— may not be wort and yet to the own measured by dolla are nearly ripe, these longing nu tree.

Remonstrat in your face—t actually astonished a fuss" for two or three apples you get. We h by the throat and book or coat, th a skunk in a hel little thing—ap so confoundedly against it. In th and decision abo blance of no sma is not a single re to give it the sh or decency. It

PRINCIPLE OR OF
ALS AND VERY FEW
TALENT OF A HIGHER
MARTIN VAN BUREN.
R ADVOCATE OF THE
WAS TO BE FOUND IN
BLER DEFENDER OF
IAN MARTIN VAN BU-
e of what he knew and what
and of which he entertained
t."

actually astonished that you should
a fuss" for two or three apples. What's two
or three apples! And that's all the consolation
you get. We had rather a man would take us
by the throat and rob us of our watch, pocket
book or coat, than creep round our premises like
a skunk in a hen coop, picking off this or that
little thing—apple, melon, or berry, and then be
so confoundedly astounded if you say any thing
against it. In the former case there is courage
and decision about it which may give it the sym-
bolance of no small deed, but in the latter, there
is not a single redeeming circumstance—nothing
to give it the shadow of a shade of respectability
or decency. It is sinking down on a level with

Our September election is now over. What the result of it is, is yet in some doubt. But the returns show conclusively that our friends have been deceived as to the efforts and designs of the Federal party, and have not exerted themselves in a manner corresponding with the efforts of the opposition. The Federalists have been constantly singing the song, so far as Governor was concerned, that all was peace, and have striven but too successfully, to get up the impression that they had no expectation of defeating Fairbank, but were only preparing for November. It is now, however, apparent, that while they have been making secret and most vigorous efforts to

It
ve
to

☞ Talk to a British Whig about *principles*
if you want to scare him.

Mexico, September 15, 1840.

6 || exhibit the same to
Turner, September 17, 1840.

